

Bright Eyes

Song Fics - I

jrxyl

Bright Eyes by jrxyl

Series: [Song Fics \[1\]](#)

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Genre: Cuddling, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Established Relationship, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, Song fic, yall idk richie gets upset and eddie comforts him

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Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

There's a playlist, for every time Richie gets sad. Every time his parents get to him, the world gets to him. Every time the clock catches up.

Every time his facade, his armor, falls.

Bright Eyes

Author's Note:

the lyrics in the fic are from Bright Eyes - Lua!

There's a playlist, for every time Richie gets sad. Every time his parents get to him, the world gets to him. Every time the clock catches up.

Every time his facade, his armor, falls.

Not many people know about it, Bill and Bev may have heard bits and pieces of some songs whenever Richie plugs his phone in to play music. But the song's replaced by something else before either can say anything. Stan, Ben, and Mike don't have the faintest idea that it exists; they can hardly fathom Richie would have anything remotely sad in his music.

Eddie's different.

Richie's guard is still up around Eddie, it hardly ever goes down, even when Richie is alone, but Eddie is definitely the one Richie trusts most out of the losers.

So every once in awhile, Richie's walls fall down. 9 times out of 10, Eddie is there to catch him as his noisy protection gives out from underneath him.

It would be surprising if Eddie *didn't* know about the playlist. They know each other's phone passwords, and commonly switch phones for no apparent reason. So Richie should have expected Eddie would find the playlist, but he didn't. He somehow thought it was well hidden enough.

It wasn't. Not even close. He simply thought that since it was hidden, that was enough. He didn't believe anyone would care enough to look for something like that.

Which is why one night, when Eddie and Richie finished wrestling around and are quietly scrolling through their phones, legs on top of

each other and calming down before bed, Richie doesn't think twice when Eddie holds his phone out; a silent ask to switch.

Richie complies, not even bothering to close the image he was looking at.

"Shit!" Eddie jumps once he sees Richie's screen, "Why were you going through a horror account?! Why didn't you warn me?!"

Richie can't hold back his laugh, "You wanted to switch, we've never bothered to switch tabs before, why start now?"

"Because this is scary! I don't wanna read about some face-eating guy before i go to bed!"

Richie laughs again, but takes his phone back and exits the horror account before returning the phone to Eddie, "Is that better, princess?"

A quiet grumble could be heard from Eddie, it somehow sounded like "fuck you" and "thank you," Richie couldn't tell.

Richie looks at Eddie's phone and does what he usually does; goes to the pictures. It's no secret that Eddie is a softie (Richie is too), so it isn't surprising that his camera roll is scattered with pictures of his friends, some candid, some not. A soft smile comes to Richie's face when he sees one of himself. It looks to have been taken while they were at the quarry. Richie had dandelions in his hair, and he was pouting at someone not shown in the pic.

Richie remembers it, it was right after Eddie had realized he really didn't have any illnesses, that he was being fed lies. As some sort of rebellion, Eddie spent the day playing in the grass with the other losers. After they had tired themselves out, Eddie decided he wanted to play with Richie's hair, and Richie didn't even notice he had been putting dandelions in it until Eddie was already done. He remembers hearing Eddie laugh and seeing him point his phone at him, then reaching over to see what Eddie had done to him.

He had turned away, presumably to complain to someone about Eddie "ruining his reputation," and that must have been when Eddie

took the photo. Richie had to admit, his boyfriend did a very good job at arranging the flowers.

Looking closely, Richie noticed the faint blush on his cheeks, but honestly, how could he not blush when his adorable boyfriend made him a flower crown and was most likely laughing like an angel?

Richie also noted that the picture had been favorited, he had to bite his lip to hide his grin.

He eventually moved on to a bubble popping game, something Eddie hardly played but kept on his phone because Richie enjoyed it.

The room was quiet.

And then Eddie made a small, confused noise.

Richie looks up, about to ask what Eddie found, but Eddie speaks up before he has the chance to.

"Why do you have a playlist titled 'end me'?" Eddie says it with a bit of a laugh, half expecting it to be more shitty songs that Richie loves to play.

But when he presses shuffle, a soft ukulele begins to play.

*I know that it is freezing,
but I think we have to walk.*

Eddie looks up, "Richie?" but his head is down, looking at Eddie's phone. He's not scared, just a little nervous, he always was when his facade slipped; even around Eddie.

Before Eddie can say anything else, Richie speaks. "It's just," he looks from Eddie's phone to the wall, trying to come up with the right words to explain it, "I get, I don't know, sad sometimes?" he says it like a question.

"Okay?" Eddie seems confused, but patiently waits for Richie to find his voice again. The song continues to play.

Keep waving at taxis,

they keep turning the lights off.

"I don't know," Richie takes off his glasses to rub at his eyes, leaving his hands there so he doesn't have to look at Eddie. "When I'm sad sometimes I just, like to, wallow in it, I guess? Well, no, that's not the right word but," his hands drop, he stares at the blanket he's laying on. "I don't want to automatically go back to constantly making jokes and being...Richie. Sometimes I *can't* go back to being Richie."

Eddie is unsure of what to do, he opts to rest a hand on Richie's shoulder.

Richie shrugs it off, looking frustrated before saying, "No, I don't want weird pity right now. I'm okay just, please turn the song off."

If Eddie doesn't believe him, he doesn't say anything. Instead he pauses the song and lets the silence hang in the air, looking at Richie's phone but only focusing on him from his peripheral vision.

After a minute or two, Richie's shoulders relax, he gives a little sigh but looks somewhat normal again.

Eddie decides then is the time to speak, "Y'know there's a twitter account for an eel?"

Richie furrows his brows before turning to face Eddie, "What?"

"A Twitter account, for an eel."

"Yeah, dipshit, I got that. How does it work? What's it called?"

Eddie scowled, "Well clarify what you're confused about next time, dick face," despite his words, his tone is still light and neutral, not one ounce of pity in it; Richie's grateful.

"The account's called Eelectricmiguel, it just sends out tweets that say 'boom!' or 'zap!'"

Richie tilts his head, "Eels don't have arms. Or fingers. Or, any limbs I guess."

Eddie rolls his eyes, "It isn't actually the eel tweeting, idiot. The

electricity he gives off triggers a machine that sends the tweet."

"How does it work?"

As Eddie began to excitedly explain how it worked, Richie set Eddie's phone down and rested his chin in his hands, looking at Eddie like he hung the stars and the moon (and for Richie, maybe he did).

The playlist was forgotten.

Until a month or so later.

Richie and Eddie are usually texting, so it's odd when Richie begins to ignore Eddie's texts. Eddie tries to wait it out, knows that Richie gets like this sometimes, knows he just needs space.

But then he starts avoiding *everyone*, whether it be in person or online, he had practically shut down.

No one knows what to do, it's never gotten this bad before, and it's surely never lasted thing long. They all want Richie to be happy again, but don't know how.

So Eddie does something (arguably) stupid.

He decides to show up to Richie's house, uninvited. He knew it was rude but he was worried about his best friend, manners be damned.

When he reaches Richie's house, he takes a deep breath and knocks on the door (he could just walk in but, maybe not all matters are damned). After a few seconds a tall man answers.

"What do you want," It's supposed to sound like a question, but the man's voice is flat and scary, Eddie shivers a bit.

"Uh, I'm Eddie, Richie's friend. Is he home?" Eddie fiddled with the straps of his fanny pack.

The man turned around, "Don't know. Go check his room," and with that, he walked away.

Eddie spaced out for a moment before shaking his head and stepping

into the house, quietly shutting the door behind him.

He walks up the stairs to Richie's bedroom, he softly knocks on the door. "Richie?"

No answer.

"Richie? It's me, Eddie."

No answer.

"Rich?"

After his third failed attempt, Eddie pressed his ear to Richie's door; and he heard it. The same song.

*When everything is lonely,
I can be my own best friend.*

Eddie frowns, knocking a bit louder. he knows the door is unlocked, but doesn't want to barge in on Richie when he's upset.

Make my own conversations.

He tries one final time, "Richie? Are you okay? Can I come in?"

The music quiets slightly, and Eddie fears he's upset Richie even more, but he hears a faint, "Please."

If that didn't break his heart, opening the door and finding Richie on the floor, glassy eyes staring at a wall, definitely did.

As soon as Eddie puts a hand on Richie, he seems to crumble, his tears fall and sobs that must physically hurt racked his body.

"Richie-"

"They said they didn't want me," Richie said, still not looking at Eddie. "I knew I was a-a mistake but I, I didn't think they would ever say that to my face," Richie tilted his head down, "she said she would be happier without me, and he agreed. He fucking *agreed*, Eddie."

Before Eddie has the chance to speak, Richie finally looks at him,

eyelashes clumped together with tears, "What did I do, Eds? Why do they hate me? What am I doing wrong?"

Eddie's heart shatters, he feels tears sting his eyes, but this isn't about him. "Baby..." he trails off, struggling to find words.

"What's wrong with me?" Richie sounds so...*broken*. Broken in a way that seemed irreparable.

Since words were failing him, Eddie lightly grabbed Richie's hand and tugged him into his lap. it was a bit awkward, as Richie was much taller, but Richie didn't care. He wrapped his arms around Eddie's neck and let himself cry.

Eddie had one hand tracing shapes on Richie's back, the other playing with his curly hair, all while quietly repeating, "Sh, you didn't do anything wrong. You're okay. There's nothing wrong with you, they're the assholes. You're okay, I'm here, I've got you, you're okay."

And I know you have a heavy heart.

Eventually, Richie's cries quieted down, but he didn't leave Eddie's lap. Eddie didn't stop playing with his hair or tracing shapes, either.

After a few minutes, Richie sat up, taking his face out of the crook of Eddie's neck and looking at him for a brief second, "I'm sorry," he mumbled. His voice was hoarse.

Eddie's eyes softened, he pressed a light kiss to Richie's lips, noticing how Richie instantly leaned into it.

I can feel it when we kiss.

Eddie gently wiped a stray tear off Richie's cheeks before speaking. "Baby, you have nothing to apologize for, you're okay. You're human. It's okay to cry."

Richie gave a noncommittal shrug.

"Do you feel better now?"

There was silence before Richie quietly muttered, "A little, can we

just, can we just go to bed?"

"Of course, do you need anything?"

Richie shook his head.

Eddie nodded and gently extracted Richie from his lap, he stood and began to walk toward the door.

Richie made a small sound, Eddie shushed him, "I'm just turning off the light, I'm not going anywhere, I promise."

Richie nodded and slowly climbed into his bed. Once the lights were off, Eddie made his way to the bed as well. As soon as he settled, Richie moved to lay his head on his chest. Eddie began to play with his hair again.

Richie's breathing evened out, and just when Eddie thought he was asleep, he whispered, "Thank you."

Eddie nodded, pressing a kiss to the top of Richie's head, "You don't have to thank me, it's no problem. I'll do this as often as you need."

Instead of replying, Richie grabbed Eddie's hand and squeezed it, trying to show how much that meant to him.

Eddie understood, he squeezed back.

Soon enough, they drifted to sleep, Eddie falling asleep last to keep an eye on Richie.

Even as they slept, their hands stayed locked together.

Richie forgot about the playlist after that.

*So many men stronger than me,
have thrown their backs out trying to lift it.*

But not me.

Author's Note:

i keep writing pointless fluff for them whoops but my
tumblr is eddietozie-r and y'all should send me hcs/
prompts or just come talk about it!!
and ps that twitter account does actually exist y'all
should check it out it's so pure